

THE BYSTANDER



Honolulu's Eating Joints.
Queer Postal Cards.
Debilitated Fish.
The Home Rulers.

The Elite Ice Cream Parlor—Phoebus, what a name!—having come to grief and the Sheriff, offers a good man the chance of his life. Under some of its managements the "parlor" was a swell place for good candy, fair bakestuffs, indifferent meals and hanky-panky ice cream; and generally speaking it had the most insolent and incompetent lot of young Chinese waiters that ever I saw in Honolulu. Yet it was and is the prettiest place we have for a restaurant and ought to be continued as one.

Somebody said the other day that the Elite would be a fine location for a 75-cent French restaurant, and so it would if we had the well-to-do Bohemian population which a French restaurant requires. But the lively, ground-floor, non-saloon restaurant business in Honolulu is confined to people who want wholesome food, quickly and well-served and at a moderate price, variety being one of the strong points. In other words the call is for a Dairy Kitchen with delicatessen features—and it is a loud call, too.

I am and have been for many years a patron of Honolulu restaurants and I know them all. Their strong and weak points can summon me any day as a competent witness; but there isn't one that meets the average man's need.

For instance! If I want a smoking dish of home-made pork and beans, with hot Boston brown bread on the side, where am I going to get it? When I ask for this savory and substantial food I get canned beans, which may the devil take, and I pay the price of a whole can for my small portion.

If I want a bowl of bread and milk I get just enough milk for the family cat, creamless milk at that and the teething-ring bread of bakeries.

If I want German toast I don't find it on the bill of fare. In one restaurant they make an imitation to order, using duck eggs.

If I ask for fried salt pork with cream gravy, the whole to be smothered with fried apples, the Asiatic waiter totters off to the kitchen, talks with some other Asiatics and comes back to say "No got!"

If I want the plebeian apple dumpling, for dessert, as I frequently do, I am asked to take a machine-made jelly roll instead.

If I want a dish of cottage cheese I must go, on certain days, to a high-priced hotel and get it with a spice of garlic in the soupy French cream which half submerges and wholly spoils the New England delicacy.

If I want hot biscuits and honey like mother used to set out I don't get them. Me for cold rolls and plain butter.

If I ask for a draught of fresh buttermilk I am informed that "We used to get it from Tom McInerney but haven't had any since he stopped selling it."

If I want a chicken pie or part of one, without any cold storage flavor to the chicken, I am told that the restaurant is just out.

If I want some broiled ham, a wide yet dainty cut, from which the salt has been fairly well extracted before cooking, I get some hard, unruly stubs of ham which are intended to make you buy something to drink.

If I want baked Indian pudding I am given my choice between rice pudding and a sunken-chested fried pie.

If I want some genuine, old-fashioned, corned beef hash, Caesar's wife brand, I have to take a hectic substitute against which the most sacred memories of childhood's happy home revolt—the corned beef hash of Yuen-Yuen or Yung-Ching, with the smell of punk in its choppy-sloppy recesses.

Suppose, as a little side issue I want a heaping bowl of fresh, unburnt, well-buttered and seasoned popcorn, like they have in New York's Dairy Kitchen. Why, man, I might as well ask for a platter of bees-knees with petunia sauce.

What you get instead?—but don't ask me. I am sick and tired of the commonplace menus which the ground-floor restaurants set before me, day by day, and I'll not repeat them here.

So give me and hundreds like me the clean, bright, Dairy Kitchen, the wholesome things in plenty. And put the Kitchen right in that Hotel street "parlor," please, where one can easily get to it.

And if a man drops in as a reporter did to a downtown cafe and only orders a ten-cent glass of milk, don't take back his napkin because his order is small. He might order more next time.

There are lots of queer things in this Honolulu picture postal card business. Since the postoffice shut down on the nude or semi-nude kind, people have been mailing their cards at the wharf. They are not bad cards, as a rule, but the information which goes with them is something to disturb the liver. A picture of Liliuokalani may be inscribed: "The reigning sovereign of Hawaii; widow of the late Kamehameha." A group of poi-pounders are tagged: "Preparing the Hawaiian native drink." One man who sent out a picture of festooned hula girls wrote that the fattened dancers were "Honolulu society women in full dress." All this, of course, concerns the vagaries of persons; but what about selling picture cards so colored as to represent the Young Hotel as a red brick structure or the Hawaiian Hotel as a fawn-colored villa with a green roof. Then cards with pictures of California three-tiered surf rolling in with terrific force are sent out with "the compliments of Honolulu." One of these counterfeits is a view of Point Loma from Coronado Beach, labeled, "A summer day at Waikiki," or something of the kind. Lucky for us if the Chicago packing houses are not made to figure on these cards, as the baronial castles of Hawaii's millionaire planters.

There is nothing that will send a man to the hospital with promise poison-

MRS. LONGWORTH HAS LONG CHAT WITH THE KING

LONDON, July 7.—One of the thirty-eight guests who attended the historic dinner recently given by Ambassador Reid for Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and King Edward has detailed to his friends as he remembered it the conversation between the president's daughter and the British monarch. The account of the dinner and conversation, told in a fashionable London club, is as follows:

The King had asked that Mrs. Longworth be given the seat next to him at the dinner table. The rules of precedence prevented his taking her in to the table. The conversation was for a time general and largely dinner talk made of the moment. The King told one or two witty stories at his end of the table, but at the first opportunity and when the dinner was in full swing he turned to Mrs. Longworth and engaged her in what might almost be termed a private conversation.

KING PRAISES AMERICAN WOMEN.

Here it is as detailed: The King—I am really delighted to meet you, Mrs. Longworth. I so much admire the American woman. One of the charms of English society today lies in the presence of so many brilliant Americans. Mrs. Longworth—Thank you, sir. It is very good of you. The King—I shall esteem it an honor to meet your great and worthy father. We know much of him here. I have read his books and enjoyed them immensely.

Mrs. Longworth—I know father is hopeful of meeting you soon. He has a great admiration for you.

The King—Ah. We hope to meet him when your great country can spare him a holiday. And this visit to England is still your honeymoon? We must do our utmost to make you enjoy it. How did you like your trip through the Southern states and in Cuba?

MRS. LONGWORTH ADORES ENGLAND.

Mrs. Longworth—Oh, it was all so delightful, but England I think is just grand. I just adore it already.

The King—I am glad to hear that. You have come during our best month—June—the month of roses and sunshine. London is at its best now and so is the country. I confess to being a true Cockney. London is very dear to me. Perhaps you will change your opinion when you go to Paris.

Mrs. Longworth—No, Paris, beautiful as it may be, is not in any danger. The King—Ah. First loves reign with you. And Mr. Longworth, a very charming man. You must be very happy.

Mrs. Longworth—We are. The King—Yes. Enjoy life. Life is a glorious thing. Too few there are who realize it until too late. And too few know how to enjoy it. You are quite a traveler, I understand. You must have enjoyed your trip to the Far East.

Mrs. Longworth—Oh, yes. That was just splendid. I fell in love with the Orient.

The King—And also in the Orient, eh? But, let us be thankful, not with the many suitors of the Philippines. Mrs. Longworth—Oh, that was the awful American reporters. They are generally nice boys, but they do invent some weird yarns.

The King—Yes, I have seen some of your mammoth papers and the Sunday ones. They are especially wonderful. I much regret that I can not journey to America and see the wonderful country for myself. You know I was there once, but it is so long ago that a perfectly new and more wonderful country has grown up.

WELCOMES KING TO AMERICA. Mrs. Longworth—We would be awfully glad if you would come over. I can promise you a good time.

The King—It is good of you. I feel

ing sooner than spoiled fish. It is bad medicine. For years Honolulu looked after its fish supplies with a keen and discriminating eye and is supposed to be doing so yet. At least a fish inspector is on the payroll. Nevertheless a lot of decayed fish are being sold at the market with results that may soon be seen in the mortuary records. Whether precinct politics are to blame for the let-up in inspection I don't know; if they are, the Board of Health should borrow an axe and attend to the unpleasant details.

Pride in his port but submission in his eye, our friend Notley passes from the leadership of the Home Rule party. At least that is the news I hear from the hula-hula belt. It is said that the Home Rulers are going Democratic and have no use for leaders who lead them against the stone wall of American party organization. Hence his jaunt Notley—and always has. For one I am glad to see the Home Rulers come in from the political wild land and live on the reservation. They can do nothing outside of it but whoop and starve. Inside they will be useful in more ways than one.

sure you would. But what are your plans? Will you be long in England?

Mrs. Longworth—We expected to stay only a fortnight, but I feel sure we shall be here a month. We have so much to see and do.

The King—You must spare me some of your precious time. I want you to meet the queen. Then you should also grace Ascot and go to Windsor. It is very beautiful there. I will speak to Mr. Reid.

Mrs. Longworth—Thank you, sir. I will consider these commands.

The King—That is particularly charming of you. Do not forget to bring your husband.

Mrs. Longworth—No, sir. I haven't had time to begin to forget him.

The King—Never begin, then. But we are all envious of your husband. You might have visited us earlier and given some of my Englishmen a chance. America is first surely in enough other matters.

Mrs. Longworth—But it is reputed that Americans make the best husbands.

The King—I quite believe that. But could one be anything but "best" with such charming mates as you American women?

Mrs. Longworth—Ah! When I go back I must tell our women what an admirer they have.

KING COMPLIMENTS MRS. LONGWORTH.

The King—A good many of them know it already. You must tell me of some of your experiences in the Far East. I admire you very much, Mrs. Longworth, and am glad indeed to have had this opportunity of meeting you.

Mrs. Longworth—Thank you very much, sir. I am delighted to have met you. I have looked forward to it for a long time. We hear so much of your charm in the States and I now realize it.

The King—Ah, that is pretty, indeed. We are all eager until we are disgusted. You must bring Mr. Longworth over after dinner and let me talk to him.

The conversation at this point again became general, and after dinner his majesty had little opportunity to again talk to Mrs. Longworth, but he engaged Mr. Longworth in conversation for a minute afterward, congratulating him on his marriage. All the Americans practically in the inner circle of society and the British nobility were present, and after the king left, which was immediately after the concert, Mrs. Longworth became the center of attraction and congratulation.

From the glimpse of the king's conversation the public will no doubt be astonished to find that kings talk the same as ordinary people. Yet the conversation is interesting in that it was between two personages who are decidedly in the public eye. The king in referring to Mrs. Longworth since has declared that she is, after not strictly a pretty woman, as dainty and delightful a young woman as one could meet, sparkling with true American wit.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON IN TROUBLE.

A little bit of gossip is going round the clubs just now about Sir Thomas Lipton. It appears that he has had a serious falling out with his premier innamorata. It happened in this wise: Sir Thomas was visiting in Italy at the time of the Vesuvius eruption and spent some time in Naples. Among the people he met there was Mrs. Franca Florio, who has the reputation of being the most beautiful woman of the whole Italian aristocracy. He was much with her and made up some delightful parties in her honor, both on board his yacht and on shore. He has more than once been photographed with her. And here the trouble came in. An enterprising journalist, while visiting Naples to get an impression of Vesuvius, came across one of the

LITTLE TALKS

MR. ACHI—Money talks. I have nothing to say.

JACK LUCAS—I have yet to see the first dollar I ever got from graft.

DR. M'GREW—The kind of politics they have around here make me sick.

GEORGE LYCURGUS—Forty-one people at the Volcano House the other morning. How's that?

BERT PETERSON—It looks as though Sarah Bernhardt got the double cross of the Legion of Honor.

JUDGE DOLE—Honolulu people do not begin to realize the scenic and climatic attractions of these islands.

MANAGER HERTSCHE—It looks like a good tourist season ahead. A lot of our old customers are coming back.

T. W. HOBSON—Wahiawa astonished me. Say, but that reservoir would be a good place to run motor boats in.

A. M. BROWN—Hello, Jack Lucas! You trying to stand in with the Advertiser? Better cut it out. It is no good.

POP SPITZER—It is almost impossible to get goods in my line from San Francisco. Dietz the jeweler says the same thing.

CECIL BROWN—There is no use in trying to settle the Campbell estate lands near Wahiawa until the problem of water supply has been solved.

E. A. DOUTHITT—I think that the beast that has been depleting the Kaimuki hen-roosts is nothing more or less than a domestic cat run wild.

HUGH V. TREVENEN—It's a remarkable thing the number of mental matches we lose from the bar. Some people seem to have a perfect mania for collecting such bric-a-brac.

E. E. WINTHROP—I noticed one thing in the recent club election in the Tenth of the Fifth. Lots of natives refrained from voting for E. C. Brown for Treasurer, being under the impression that it was A. M. Brown who was running for the office.

E. C. BROWN—A Hawaiian at the Friday night meeting of the Tenth precinct of the Fourth district club, saw my name on the ticket and refused point-blank to vote for me. When asked why, he replied that he would not vote for Sheriff Brown. The laugh was on me, of course.

W. L. SPICER—While the investigation fashion is in vogue it would be a good thing to investigate the Royal School and the Fort street bulkhead. The outside plaster on the school is coming off and the bulkhead is considerably cracked up on the outside. The inspector who passed these jobs must have been a peach.

HENRY HOSKINS—I've just come from Hilo and there is certainly something doing there. Harbormaster Fitzgerald has replaced the old whistling buoy by another which whistles a different tune. The first day the new buoy was put in place the Hiloites all visited the waterfront to listen to the fresh selection. It was quite an event in the old town.

photos of the beautiful Italian and Sir Tommy. He brought it to London with him, and it was published in one of the pictorial papers. Soon afterward trouble with a big T loomed up for the bachelor baronet. I understand that the row was really a hideous one and lasted for over a fortnight. It cost Sir Tommy a small fortune in jewels, besides much swearing to be good in future, to heal the breach.

The Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, who is a particular friend of Sir Thomas Lipton, has been much missed lately by society, but it is understood she will soon emerge from her retirement.

TEACHERS OF HILO MAKE GOOD RECORD

The Superintendent of Public Instruction has received returns from the teachers' examination at Hilo, showing that nineteen out of twenty-three candidates passed the examination and will be given certificates. The successful ones are:

First-class—Miss K. Trowbridge, Miss Emma F. Porter, Miss Esther Lyman, Mrs. O. L. Holland, Amos J. Ignacio, Miss Elvira Osorio, Mrs. H. W. Ludloff, Miss Harriet Hapai.

Second-class—J. Sypriano, Mrs. J. V. Marcial, Miss Christina Gertz, Miss Louisa Hapai, Chas. Williams, M. R. Baptiste, Miss Olivia Yoraer, Daniel Kalo.

Third-class—Solomon Burk, Miss Alice Carvalho, Miss Katherine Howard.

HUMOR OF HILO COURT.

The circuit court in meeting on Tuesday was relieved with a little side issue through the failure of juror F. L. Mini of Olua to answer his name.

"He will come in tomorrow," exclaimed a voice in the back of the court room, and the look of astonishment on Judge Parson's face at this entirely irregular announcement could only have been matched by Mr. Justice Starleigh when, during the celebrated case of Bardell vs. Pickwick, the elder Weller recommended the judge to "spell it with a wee."

"A bench warrant will issue for Mr. Mini," said his honor. And it did—Hilo Herald.

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The great success of this preparation in the relief and cure of bowel complaints has brought it into almost universal use. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhoea. Every bottle is warranted. For sale by all Dealers and Druggists, Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaii.

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